The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 16.

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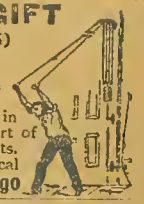

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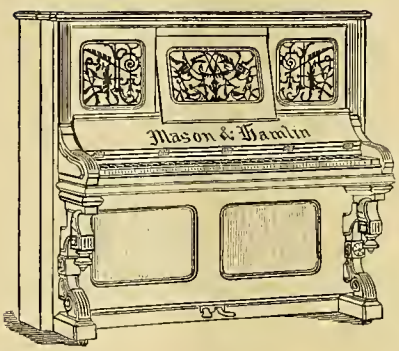

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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BEFORE the examinations began, the PRELUDE, anticipating various effects on the College, could not restrain the query, whether the good results counterbalanced the ill, and gave the time-honored institution a reasonable excuse for existence. Looking back now on the ten days of anxiety and severe labor, almost invariably to a more or less degree unsatisfactory in result, the query returns to meet the added wisdom of recent experience. Life has not seemed glad and joyous in the strained atmosphere of the hushed corridors. Now, somewhat limp in spirit, but much more light of heart—knowledge of failure is better than sickening doubt—as the elasticity of youth asserts itself, we pause for a moment to look back. In retrospection the good points of a disagreeable fact make themselves manifest. We confess the excellence of some examinations,—examinations in which the questions are general, requiring thought and comprehension of the entire subject rather than knowledge of minute details; questions affording opportunity for original thought. But the best results of the examinations can be gained from the frequent written lesson, which is quite free from the disadvantages of the old-fashioned "semi-annuals." In this issue are several expressions of opinion from various students.

The ventilation of the library is a matter which calls forth a great deal of comment. So many students find it absolutely necessary to spend a great proportion of their time there that their comfort and safety becomes of great importance. Courses in Literature and History require much reading in the library, and during the fall and winter the poor ventilation renders time spent there neither agreeable nor consistent with health. When the windows are opened the alcoves become uncomfortably cold, drafts circulate about through the middle of the room, and the occupants huddle around the large registers. If the windows are left closed, the entire room becomes unbearably warm and close. Extremes of heat and cold seem to be the only possible states of temperature. A remedy in this direction is desirable on the grounds of both comfort and health.

Why cannot we have more fun at Wellesley? Not that we do not have fun now, but that we do not have enough of it, or that what we do have is not in the purest form,—fun simply for fun's sake. To be sure we have teas and receptions and some entertainments and Germans which we would in no wise overlook. For those who love dancing, the Germans and the Saturday and Monday evening dancing in the gymnasium constitute the greater part of pure College fun. For these are the times when College work and College cares are most completely forgotten. It takes but a superficial

his life bound in any way.—"O Phil, go for my sake! I can't go away, or be anything, or do anything. You must be great for both of us. For my sake, Phil!"

And Philip lifted his face from his hands, and said in a strained voice, "Be it for your sake, then, dear lad." So Donald conquered, and Philip went away into the great naval school across the bay, to prepare for his man-of-war service.

At first Donald had gone to his lonely work contentedly enough. But after all, the first great sacrifice is not the only thing: there is also the holding bravely to it. Day by day the loneliness deepened; it became harder to see Philip straight and tall and more manly than ever in his uniform, walking and talking with others like himself, though Donald never believed that any one could equal Philip. Donald had foreseen that there would be and must be just such separation, but he did not know that it would be so hard to bear. Gradually a sense of bitterness took possession of him. He avoided meeting Phil. "Just because we're cousins is no reason for my intruding on him now," he said. Then a great, unreasoning suspicion of Philip took hold of him. Did Philip love? He doubted it. Why should he love him? What was he but a common fisherman, crooked-backed, poor, ignorant, ugly! What had made him so? The injustice of God. There was no love in heaven; there could be none on earth.

Donald's whole nature bent and swayed under the conflict. Naturally reserved, he became silent and self-contained. Naturally prodigal of his own strength, he became reckless. No storm was too violent for him to face, no sea to rough for him to venture on. The contest with the elements served but to rest his confused and reckless soul.

And so after the blue uniforms left him, and the breeze increased to a wind, and the great sun sank behind the little hamlet, he moored his boat and left the oars in her. "I'll see to my lobster-beds at sunrise, gale or no gale," he said, "Poor folks can't choose their weather." Lifting his basket of herring, he turned towards the house. Outlined against the darkening sky, a single figure stood awaiting him. It was Philip. "Why did you leave your oars, Donald?" he said gravely.

"If you happen to remember, it's my custom to go to the beds at sunrise," Donald answered sullenly.

"Not in such a storm as we'll have to-morrow," Philip replied.

"Storm's nothing to me," muttered Donald, turning away. "What are you here for?"

"Because I want to talk to you, Donald.—What have I done? Can't we be frank with each other?"

"You haven't done anything," exclaimed Donald, "how should you!"

"Then it's something I've left undone?—Donald, promise me you won't go out to the beds at sunrise?"

By this time they had reached the low-lying house, and out trooped half-a-dozen children to welcome Philip. Donald's mother came out to greet him,—everybody loved Philip. Donald threw down his basket. "Never mind me, mother," he said, "I've got a headache. Think I'll go to bed. Good-bye, Philip." He strode off to the little attic-room before anyone could reply, and flung himself on the bed.

The breeze rose to a wind, the wind changed to a gale. All night the fury of the north-easter broke against the house, and through the roar of wind and rain might be heard the sullen roll of the breakers.

At sunrise there came a lull, though it was still raining heavily. Donald rose and descended the stairs. He pulled on his rubber coat and turned to unfasten the kitchen door. Somebody rose from the couch before the stove. Donald stared at him. "Philip!" he exclaimed.

"Once more, Donald, will you stay at home?" and Philip stood between Donald and the door.

"No," said Donald, "I've been out in worse weather than this. What are you doing here, Philip?"

The young sailor did not reply; he took down an old tarpaulin coat from the wall and put it on.

"What are you going to do?" asked Donald.

"I'm going with you," said Philip.

Donald shrugged his shoulders and waited for him. It was useless to contend about the matter. Besides, someway or other, he did not care to contend. In that dim light, in the little kitchen, Philip, in the old tarpaulin seemed strangely near to him. He felt an impulse leading him to break

down and beg his forgivness for all his sullenness and selfishness. He longed for the old frank relation between them. But he did not yet feel sure of Philip. How would Philip treat such a confession? No, it was too late! In silence they left the house; in silence they unmoored the boat; in silence they set out in the teeth of the storm.

As they left the shelter of the bay, the waves increased in roughness. Again and again the little boat seemed on the point of being overwhelmed in the trough of the breakers. Again and again she rode in safety on their crest. But now the wind increased in violence, whirled the rain and spray in their faces, blinded their eyes, benumbed their limbs. The dory fast filled with water. Philip began to bail her out. But the sea came in still faster. Donald rested his oars. He would have given worlds to return—for Phil's sake. But could they ever return? He took the oil-cloth cap from his head and helped Philip bail. Both faces were white. Donald's face was strangely set. For a moment they worked in silence—it seemed an hour; their hands touched each other; their eyes met. There in the dim gray light, alone in the storm, they knew that they were sinking. Philip caught Donald's hands in a tremendous grip. "Donald," he said, "I love you beyond anyone in the world—but you will not believe—."

They were alone, fighting with the rushing, mighty waters. The boat was gone.

Lifted on the crest of a wave, Donald saw a black, hull-like thing drifting near. She was a schooner bound for the Banks, that had been caught in the storm. He called to her for help. The wind and sea drowned his voice. But evidently the men on board had been watching them. She came nearer—nearer—could they hold out till she reached them? Donald felt his strength fail, his eyes were blinded, the water filled his ears. Then something struck him in the face. It was a rope. With the instinct of a drowning man he caught it, clung to it, felt himself drawn through the water. Then he knew nothing more.

Four hours later the rain had ceased, the wind had gone down, a gleam of sunshine broke through the clouds, a patch of blue sky appeared.

Donald came to himself. He awoke to life with the sense of a new birth. All the doubt and selfishness of the past months had gone from his heart. He knew that it was all gone. Phil loved him! Could he ever doubt it again! Could he ever have doubted it. Phil should never suffer for him again—Phil, who had risked his life for his sake! God had been good to give him back his life. But he must ask Phil's forgivness. He must tell Phil. He tried to raise himself up. Then he realized that he was lying in a bunk of the schooner, and a man's face was bending over him. "He's come to," called the man to somebody else, "Well, boy, but you've been near sea-bottom this time! But you'll pull through now."

"Philip," called Donald, "where is Philip?"

The man paused. He was rough and hard, but such words as he had to say come slowly to all human lips.

"You mean the man with you? He went down."

It was late in the afternoon before the Water Witch could put out a boat. Then she sent a dory through the breakers to Heartshaven. It carried a human soul changed in the very foundations of his nature. A knot of people stood upon the pier. There were blue uniforms and fisher's jackets among them. Donald's mother was there. She drew him to her with a great cry. For a moment he held her, then he unloosened her arms and looked about him. They saw that his face was changed utterly, he was as one that had passed through death. But what the change meant they could not tell. Did Donald know himself. "I want the Admiral," he said.

An old man, tall and commanding, stepped forward. To the question in his eyes Donald gave quick answer. "He is drowned, sir." His voice broke in agony. The Admiral motioned the people away, even the boy's mother. From beginning to end Donald told him his story. And the Admiral told it to me.

"It happened years ago," he said, "Poor Donald! you will meet him to-night, and you will like him too. Yes, I am sure of it. He has learned the great lesson. But Philip—."

He paused and looked across the water. We were walking on the cliff-path above the sea, the shining, peaceful sea, and on the beach below the children were building sand-castles. The Admiral paused in his walk. The sun light that touched the wide waters rested on his kindly face. When he spoke again it was more to himself than to me – "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91.

MORE OF AN OLD STORY.

Are examinations desirable or undesirable? The purpose of an examination is to get a comprehensive view of the subject as a whole, to see in a glance each part in right relation to every other part. The end is good, and must be attained, in one way or another, if a satisfactory conclusion to a course of study would be reached. As a matter of fact, however, our present system of examinations leads to much that is undesirable; it stimulates the student to almost super-human effort during the werk preceeding and the two weeks of the ordeal; it encourages unscholarly and hurried preparation. Why would not all the objectionable features of examination week be eliminated and its beneficial ends be fulfilled by the following arrangement: during the whole or part of the time now spent in examinations, systematic reviews in the class-room, to be supplemented, if need be, by a written paper from each student on some theme relating to the work of the semester. These two weeks under a professor's careful planning would give ample time for a broad and thorough review and would be a grateful substitute for the present hurried class review—in case there is any at all—and for the inadequate individual preparation which takes place during the few hours before the examination. A prepared paper is almost sure to represent the best effort of every student; it means deliberate and thoughtful work; it means a thorough knowledge of at least the one theme chosen; and, in almost every case, it is the outgrowth of original and close thinking. In divisions of as moderate size as ours and under the system when the daily recitations are taken account of, it seems as if the term work of each student must be sufficiently known to the instructor to render an examination unnecessary; and for the benefit of the students themselves, the plan of thorough class reviews followed in some cases by written papers would appear to be more desirable.

Mary Walker Carter, '91.

In the PRELUDE for January 10, "An Old Story" tries to give both faculty and students fair representation upon the subject of examinations. The paragraph purporting to be the professor's definition of an examination offers opportunity for reflections which almost force themselves upon the student. The professor says of the examination: "It is to train the pupil to take a bird's-eye view of what she has been working at piece by piece." Suppose she has been studying English Political History—England's progress from the days of savages and barbarian customs to the present time of civilized men and organized government: she has studied this vast and most interesting history of development under an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher, and she feels strong within her the desire to take "a bird's-eye view" of the whole field—to fix firmly in her thought the connected chain of events. She would like to know her thought systematically arranged—and if the professor wishes "to obtain a basis for estimating the grasp which the pupil has gotten of the whole subject of her study," even more anxious is the student to know herself the possessor of that firm grasp, and to prove her possession. Can she do that in an examination—in the short time allowed her? By "a sketch map of Great Britain, with full reference to geographical conditions" she can explain the distribution of races; in a disjointed and partial fashion she can string together some striking characteristics of Magna Charta; she can state the terms of the Petition of Right and in how far they were kept—she can do this much in the time given to an examination, she can answer even eight or ten of these questions—but does she prove that she has a "grasp" of the Political History of England? Such work as I have described is done by every High School; cannot a College improve upon this?

I know theses are not easy things to write—they require time, study, and really hard thinking—but I do claim that they are an improvement upon the examination. I claim that an acceptable thesis necessitates on the part of the writer a very firm grasp of the subject of her study; a clear, logical arrangement for the divisions of her theme; a literary form for the whole production. It is a more scholarly method, and yields results more lasting to the student than can be gained in examinations. I also feel justified in saying that every student would put her best work upon such a substitute for examinations. There are, perhaps, certain branches of study which demand different

treatment—such studies, for example, as engage us in the Freshman and Snphomore years, when our choice is more limited and our desire to produce fine work less strong. We all admit the plausibility of examinations in such branches, but we regret their continuance in the remaining years of the course. As the College advances step by step in its progress toward the high ideal which is its goal, we find this idea of the necessity of such tests gradually giving place to a sense of what constitutes real scholarly work. A notable example of this is found in the fact that this year one of the professors has given a paper to her Bible class instead of the usual examination, stating as her reason for the change that in the limited time allowed for an examination a student cannot write the clear, logical, and comprehensive paper which should be the result of a semester's work. Nor does this case stand alone. The departments of History and Literature also recognize the desirability of such a change, and substitute a thesis for one of the usual examinations during the year.

In view of all these facts, the subject is one surely worthy of careful consideration and honest discussion by all concerned, both teacher and student, and I can leave it in no Letter way than by repeating the oft-quoted but important truism: "It is only after being looked at from every side that the right or wrong of anything can be decided."

M. G. McC., '92.

The writer of "An Old Story". in discussing the advantages and non-advantages of examinations speaks of cramming as their inevitable accompaniment. Yes, everybody acknowledges that cramming is the customary preparation for examinations, and why should it not be?

If it is studying in a hurry, then let it be that, for the "bird's-eye view" is to be taken rapidly and a rapid review in private is part of the necessary preparation.

Granted that such hasty study is apt to be surface work and not advisable for every day use, is it really harmful? No. Such certainly is better than none for the unconscientious student, and the conscientious student has already learned in a more thorough way what is to be long remembered and not to be undone by a little rapid study on top.

If examinations should be no longer held, what would take their place? Would not the faithful student feel dissatisfied not to have time for general review and testing of the work done day by day? And do not the unfaithful students who skim over their work during the semester,—do they not need just such a good wholesome scare as approaching examinations bring to make them give a little hard and earnest study to neglected studies? And even if in cramming, unimportant points are emphasized and the mind is burdened with what it can not long retain, is there not much good unavoidably gained at the same time?

If there were no time of examination, when would the student review the ground gone over, and brush up the rusty points? If you say, "Oh, written reviews should take the place of examinations," then I ask wherein lies the difference between written reviews and examinations. Are they not both retrospects and tests of the remembrance of work done? It may be suggested that written reviews should be held at frequent intervals and should be more simple in character, but this, I say, is just a better preparation for the student to be able to take an examination, that is, a severer test covering more work and longer time.

To be sure, pale faces and tired brains are usual and unfortunate at a time when one's freshest powers are in demand, but these things, probably, must needs be.

Without examinations as a test of work done, students would surely grow more careless about their work, feeling that the consequences would not be so great. Alas, how much greater they would be!

If people could and would keep their wits about them, putting the time spent in worry into earnest study, examinations would mean a different thing, and we should no more question the advisibility of their continuance than we should the propriety of reciting a lesson with text book closed.

M. E. Dillingham, '93.

The article in a recent PRELUDE entitled "An Old Story" attracted my attention and, fearing that our familiar friend "examinations" may be somewhat abused in the discussion now open, I would say a few words in his favor.

First, a question for those who have a fair knowledge of human nature as it presents itself in Wellesley: will any kind of a systematic review, conducted in the class room, bring about such a thorough study on the part of the student as a written paper of one sort or another? Throwing "cramming" out of consideration, does not written work demand the best sort of a systematic review? Our Alma Mata confers no honors for scholarship. We are supposed to study from higher motives than "worldly glory." Would it be wise to put aside almost the last external incentive to faithful work? It seems to me best to hold to the old way, that is, written examinations.

At present there is a growing tendency in college to give examinations in preparation for which "cramming" is impossible. Instead, these tests demand solid, independent thought along broad lines of work done in the class room during the semester. Such examinations must of necessity be enjoyable to the conscientious student and, before such, scholarly work may be done in review. Original thinking is something of which people in general and even Wellesley students have too little; and we should welcome any plan which brings more of the genuine article into our lives. To be sure there are some subjects, especially in Freshman and Sophomore years, in which a technical examination, based almost entirely on memry, is a necessity. In the Freshman year, also, the nervous strain is an undeniable though lamentable fact. The evil results in these cases might be somewhat lessened by diminishing the importance of the examination, more stress being laid upon the daily recitation.

But there is one thing connected with the matter, which as a body of students we should not allow. To quote the writer of last week, "The atmosphere is heavy and oppressive at this time." This is true, but there is a vast deal of *false* excitement and talk. Young women go about the corriders, telling of their fears because of one examination and their nervousness over another, when, all the time they are perfectly positive of doing well in the very examinations mentioned. As college women let us do away with such sentimentality. Let us speak honestly of examinations and even confess that we find pleasure in them, if such be the case. Half the weariness of these two weeks would thus be done away with.

Emma M. Squires, '91.

CRICKET.

It is a soft August afternoon, dreamy and still and hazy with cool blue shadows stretching far away on the horizon. Overhead the fleecy cloudlets are wafted across the deeps of the heavens by some wind unfelt below. All the world seems hushed and motionless.

Suddenly into the beauty and stillness comes the sound of a sweet childish, southern voice, "Oh, Miss Alice, ain't you neber gwine to come? I'se awful ti'ed waitin'," and straightway a little woolly head raises itself above the grasses and the daisies and two black eyes gaze anxiously up the road. "I do tink as how Miss Alice 's stayin' a terribul long time," the slow monotonous voice continues, "'Pears like she mus' enjoy wanderin' roun' in de woods doin' nuthin'; 'pears like she mus' forgot all 'bout pore little Cricket." Silence for awhile and then the tired plaint begins once more, "My sakes, how hot 'tis! Wonder what mammy's goin' to hab fur tea. 'Pears like Miss Alice done forgot all 'bout tea."

"Come, Cricket! See what beautiful flowers I have found." The voice is clear and silvery this time with just a trace of southern richness. The speaker, a tall, slight girl smiles brightly, as she approaches her little servitor.

"La, Miss Alice, you'se been gone an awful long time. I thought the bears done got you, fur sho'."

"Poor little Cricket, but come, we will hurry now, and see what mammy is saving for us. This mountain air is a fine appetizer."

Side by side down the sloping path they move, a strange contrast, the fair, slender maiden, with her hands full of fragrant flowers, and her face aglow with the inspiration of a perfect summer day, and the little black-faced daughter of humanity, kicking up the dust with her bare feet, and showing all of her pearly teeth in a grin of delight at the thought of the dainties awaiting her. A strange contrast, for one has had heaped upon her all the advantages of a modern civilization. Her young life has been spent among the elegancies and refinement of a gay southern home. Her beautiful character and graceful tact are the outcome of centuries of cultivation; her highly strung nerves and delicate body are the outcome of centuries of

abuse. The other, untaught, uncultured, blown hither and thither as her wild fancy wills, sturdy and strong, with never an ache or a pain, or a fluttering nerve, is an unspoilt specimen straight from Nature's hand. Who shall say which is the better of the two?

But Cricket thinks little of such high and mighty subjects, as she trudges contentedly along surrounded by the glory of the setting sun, or when, an hour later, the longed-for goodies having been despatched, she curls herself up in a far-off corner of the cozy kitchen and falls into the dreamless slumber of childhood. Meanwhile her young mistress, leaning back in her easy chair too tired after her long walk to sleep, puzzles over the problem —why life should be so different to two human beings, both children of God ; a problem grappled with, time and time again by mighty minds, and still unsolved.

"Mammy," she calls out after a while, to the pleasant-faced, old-time darkey who is bustling about the still uncleaned tea-table, "Mammy, Cricket must go to school this fall."

Mammy comes and stands in the open door-way, with arms a-kimbo and a look of fixed determination on her countenance.

"Now, Miss Alice, I ain't goin' to hab dat chile gettin' no uppish notions. What dat no 'count nigger want t'go to school fur? I ain't neber had learnin', an' what's good 'nuff fur her mammy's good 'nuff fur her."

"I don't b'leeve in dese new-fangled notions no how," she continues, waxing eloquent in her protest, "De nigger s'got his place, an' its on dis side ob de line, and de white man's got his place, and its on dat side ob de line, an' dere ain't no mixin' um up 'cause deys made different. Did you eber hear how de darkies come to be made, honey? Well I'se gwine tell you. Its de gospel truf, fur Bruder Wilson he done tole me all 'bout it. You see God he made de white man, an' den he made de Chinese, an' de Indians an' all de oder nations on de face ob de earth. Well, honey, when he got through he had a lot of odd ears an' noses an' arms an' legs, an' sech like lying aroun', and he jest took um all an' threw um up in de air an' said, 'Come down what ye will,' an' dey come down niggers ;" and with a broad grin, Mammy retires to her own domain, quite convinced that she has overcome her fair opponent with invincible argument.

But Alice, left alone, still puzzles over the great duty of man to his fellow-man, and wonders how she shall fulfil this duty that lies at her very door, how best she can form from the rough, unshapen clay of so crude a nature, a character worthy of being fashioned in God's image.

Meanwhile Cricket on her rude pallet sleeps undisturbed. There are no weary doubts for her to solve, no great ideas to be planned and carried out, no gracious work to be accomplished. All is done for her now, and she sleeps on, dreamlessly, peacefully.

Without, among the trees, the mountain winds whisper wind secrets. Up above, the storm clouds rush madly across the darkened sky. The lightning flashes and the rain falls in dull, heavy drops. Within, Cricket sleeps dreamlessly, peacefully on.

Josephine Simrall, '93.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Jan. 18, Rev. W. N. Grovenr, of Lenox, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Psalm 61 : 2. "Lead me to tne rocks that is higher than I."

* * *

Many thanks to our Musical Director for his thoughtfulness in providing the delightful rest and recreation of such a concert as we enjoyed on Monday evening, Jan. 19. What could possibly have served better to dispel, for the time at least, any gloomy thoughts of these days when the "semi-annuals" hold sway? The concert was given by the Schubert Quartette, and Miss Belle Botsford, Violiniste and Miss Ellen Berg, Pianiste. The following is the programme.

Part Song, "In May-time" - - - Billeter
Schubert Quartette.

Duet. "The Fishermen" - - - Gabussi
Messrs. Want and Babcock.

Song. The Wanderer - - - - Schubert
Mr. Hitchcock.

Violin Solo. Ballade and Polonaise - Vieuxtemps
Miss Botsford.

Song. "Beauty's Eyes" - - - - Tosti
With Violln Obligato.
Mr. Parker.

Extravaganza. "Italian Salad" - - Genéé

Piano Solo. Gigue with Variations - - Raff
Miss Berg.

weather. Wellesley impressed her existence as an institution upon the Boston and Albany Railroad that evening, if never before. Special cars had been chartered on the 6.48 train at excursion rates, and, as the girls boarded the train, the familiar sound of the Wellesley cheer rang through the air. Horse cars were in readiness at the station to take the party to Music Hall, where they found good seats reserved for them in all parts of the house. Arrangements had been made that a special express train should start for Wellesley at ten, but after the lecture was over, though there was a general rush for the train, nearly half of the four hundred were left to come on a later train. This, however, did not mar the success of the evening, and all who had availed themselves of this opportudity to hear Mr. Stanley's interesting lecture, returned to Wellesley sincerely grateful to Mrs. Stanley for her courtesy and kindness.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Grace B. Marsh, '85, is teaching Physical Culture in the Normal School, River Falls, Wisconsin.

Miss Gertrude Fairchild, '87, is teaching in a Kindergarten School at St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Lilian Burlingame, '85, has accepted a position in Richmond Institute, Richmond, Va.

Miss Susan G. Hawkes, '89, is studying vocal and instrumental music at her home in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Caroline Hedger, student at Wellesley '88-'90, is taking hospital practice in Chicago, preparatory to the study of medicine.

Miss Annette G. Munroe, student at Wellesley '81-'83, is teaching in Oxford Academy, N. Y.

Miss Marion Fuller, formerly of '91, is teaching in Royalston, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth B. Mason, '90, has private pupils in French and German at Herndon, Va.

Miss Emma Emerson, student at Wellesley '86-'88, is teaching at College Hill, near Cincinnati.

Miss Cora Newton, formerly of '92, is teaching at Storm Lake, Ia.

Miss Emma Stubbs, formerly of '92, is studying at the Boston Conservatory.

The address of Miss Angie Lacey Peck, '90, for the winter is No. 1310 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Miss Anna L. Arnold, '90, is teaching in the Wilkinsonville Grammar School, Sutton, Mass.

An informal social was given Dec. 20th, by the Cleveland Wellesley Association to the present Wellesley students in that city. A literary programme was presented, showing the work of the Wellesley students in the literary world. Miss Bertha Bailey, '88, is President of this Association.

BORN.

In Granby, Canada, Dec. 11, a son to Mrs. Blanche Amsden Burr, student at Wellesley '86-'87.

MARRIED.

Breckenridge–Woodard—At Ware, Mass., Dec. 26, Fannie L. Breckenridge, student at Wellesley '86-'87, to George Woodard, Principal of Gregory Institute, Wilmington, N. C.

Barker–Basford—Nov. 24, Grace Josephine Barker, student at Wellesley '85-'87, to George Marshall Basford.

Ferson–Ladd—At Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 17, Annie Elizabeth Ferson, student at Wellesley '87-'90, to George Upham Ladd.

Gould–Whipple—At Andover, Mass., Dec. 9, Emma Eaton Guild, student at Wellesley '89-'90, to Harlan Woodbury Whipple.

Harlow–Davies—At Augusta, Maine, Dec. 4, Mary Brooks Harlow, student at Wellesley '85-'86, to Dr. O. C. S. Davies.

McCue–Wright—At Massillon, O., Dec. 31, Evelyn McCue, student at Wellesley '83-'86, to Dr. Edward Stager Wright.

Traversee–Patterson—At Denver, Col., July 8, 1890. Mary Ellen Traversee, '89, to Marcus J. Patterson. Present address, 210 Fay Street, Denver, Colorado.

DIED.

In New Britain, Conn., Jan. 10, J. Warren Tuck, father of Alice C. Tuck, and Marie L. Tuck, '83.

In Philadelphia, Hon. Andrew K. Dill, father of Katherine F. Dill, '87.

In Cincinnati, Nov. 30, Grace Norton, student at Wellesley '86-'87.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

In the University of Michigan 28 per cent. of the students in the literary department are women and 17 per cent. of the students in all departmenes are women.

The inauguration of Dr. Austin Scott, the new President of Rutgers, will take place on Wednesday, February 4.

There are 119 elective courses open to academic seniors and juniors at Yale.

Princeton has a new book of college songs, entitled "Carmina Princetonia."

Amherst has just published a new general catalogue, the first since 1878. It shows a total of 3,319 alumni, of whom one-third have been ordained as clergymen. —*Ex.*

Chapel attendance is no longer compulsory at Columbia.

Dartmouth claims to be the originator of college journalism, the first college paper having been started there in 1800, with Daniel Webster as editor.

A Yale graduate, Mr. J. W. Waterman of Detroit has offered to give the University of Michigan $20,000 for a gymnasium, if an equal amount is raised within three months.

The buildings for the new Stanford University, built by Senator and Mrs. Stanford as a monument to their son Leland, are rapidly approaching completion. They are situated at Palo Alto, an estate of 8,000 acres.

The first gymnasium or college for women in Rome is to be opened the first day of April, 1891. The grade and character of the new institution is to be that of the technical schools, and the object is to enable young women to enter the universities.

By the will of Mrs. Elizabeth P. Fogg, Yale University receives $40,000, the income of which is to be used in the Theological department, for the aid of worthy students. $20,000 is given to the University of the City of New York for the benefit of the honor students. The Union Theological Seminary has two bequests of $20,000 each. To the Berwick Academy of South Berwick, Me., Mrs. Fogg's birthplace, worth $50,000 is given. Harvard receives $200,000 for the erection of an Art Museum to be called "The William Hayes Fogg Art Museum of Harvard." Mr. Fogg's Art collection, also, is given to Harvard.

There are 190 college papers in the United States.

The library at Williams is now open to students on Sunday afternoons.

Harvard is sending the second astronomical expedition to Peru to join the first which was sent ont about a year and a half ago. The party will go to Arequipa where the observatory is located. They expect to arrive about the last of January. They will be absent three years and will make special preparations to observe an eclipse of the sun which will take place in the early spring of 1893. The present object is to make a more extensive study of the southern stars, and for this purpose two new instruments will be carried down, one to photograph a map and the spectrum of the stars, the other to measure their brightness.—*Mail and Express.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

Pale and tall— pale and tall,
With a white, white mantle of snow for a pall,
With her hands grown cold,
And her hair in mold,
Down by the river she lies asleep,
With a white rose in her hand—
A white rose in her hand.

—*Nassau Lit.*

Song.

Fair and tall——fair and tall,
With the first sweet joy of a love at her call,
With her hair all gold
And her wealth untold,
She sits by the river broad and deep
With a red rose in her hand—
A red rose in her hand.

A Man of Letters.

A wise professor here had we
And wisely oft quoth he:—
"The men who have n't N R G'
Are men who R 'N G.' "

—*Brunomian.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

"O where," said the moon, "are the 'specs' I wear?"
To a dear little star a-standing there.
He, mischievous, answered her questioning him,
"I see your pale face thro' their silver rim."

MOTHER: (to small babe) "Now Alfred, you must behave like a gentleman."

SMALL BABE: Don't know that kind of 'have, mamma."

EXPERIMENT: Small boy throws snowball at passing sleighing party.

OBSERVATION: 1. HE: "That hit me in the arm."
2. SHE: "That hit me in the middle of the back."

CONCLUSION: Obvious. (A strange silence ensues.)

WHY is the letter O like a proposal?
BECAUSE it's a-vowel of love.

"Tell me not in joyous numbers,
Bible lectures are a snap.
For the girl is left who slumbers,
Even though it be a nap."

THE following suggestive notice was found pinned on the back of a Junior, one morning before the Physics and Bible examinations:

Physics and Bible—arranged in inverse order of their densities—in unstable equilibrium and under a pressure of fifteen moist atmospheres—with great cohesive force and no ductility.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.
"And what are you buying, my pretty maid?"
"Nothing. I'm shopping; that's all," she said.
—*Washington Post.*

A TALE OF WOE.

The maid stood o'er the waiter brooding,
Thoughts from it were far away;
Nothing now of earth's obtruding.
In her hands the pie-plate lay.
A crash—a fall—a quick returning,
The pie! Oh! where was it?
Ask of the floor, o'er which 'tis streaming
Where its foaming top has lit.
She leans upon the window-sill,
Upon the ruin looks despairing,
To pick it up, she's not the will,
She fears the thing won't bear repairing!

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

What is truth, who shall declare?
God but in part reveals her;
Her dwelling-place is everywhere,
But everything conceals her.

What is beauty, beauty tells
To love that hath divined her.
Where it is that beauty dwells,
All know that care to find her.

Yet these two are one, I ween,
For truth is beauty sleeping;
Beauty, truth by lovers seen
From smiling nature peeping.

Brunonian

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